DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXIX. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1900. NUMBER 31

Published every week.
$1.00 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

A PHILIPPINE COURTING.

HOW THE UGLIEST MAN IN THE REGIMENT WON A DUSKY BEAUTY.

He was the ugliest man in the S'teenth infantry. And he looked it. So the men called him Cross Dog, and save on the pay rolls he knew no other name.

Cross Dog was in the prime of life, but looked older. He had put in about twelve years in the army and was at that point in a private soldier's career where he realizes that he has lost the knack of earning a livelihood in civil life, but still yearns for its freedom. For it is only after about fifteen years of service and numerous failures at civil vocations that the average enlisted man ceases to vow that he will never take on again and settles down to soldiering for life.

Cross Dog's temper was peppered dynamite. He had thrashed or been thrashed by nine-tenths of the regiment and was ready at a second's notice to begin again. His tongue matched his temper, and his face was seamed with surliness.

There was only one thing in the world of which Cross Dog was afraid, and that was woman. "Shure," said Private Stevenspot, "av Cross Dog iver loved a woman he'd be scared so h'd cuss her to death and thin elope with a recruiting sergeant." Back in the States it had been a fortunate thing for Cross Dog that he was not susceptible to the charms of the fair sex, for his personality was not an attractive one and his conversation was a jumble of cuss words and growls. But in the Philippines the world is topside down, as a Chinaman calls it, and curious things happen. And it was in the Philippines, at the Hacienda de Sevilla, near Isabella, Negros, that Cross Dog won a woman's heart.

A company of the S'teenth infantry was stationed at Isabella, and a detachment of five men, in charge of Private Sevenspot, was sent to the hacienda to protect property in that region from the raids of Papircio bandits who swarmed in the nearby mountains. Cross Dog was one of the detachment. The Hacienda de Sevilla consisted of a big sugar mill, the blackened ruins of the planation house, burned to the ground by the Papircios, and six native nipa shacks scattered along the western bank of the river, Balinbagan. But this little hamlet supported a population of 300 native amigos, most of whom, burned out of their homes by the Papircios, camped in the big sugar mill under the protection of Private Sevenspot's little detachment. During the day they worked in the canefields and at night huddled together in the mill, around which the six Americans stood guard.

Luisa, the woman in the case, for girls of 14 are women where the world is topside down, lived in a six by six nipa shack built in the box of a two wheeled cart that stood beneath the shelter of the sugar mill roof. On the evening that Sevensport's detachment arrived at the hacienda old Pedro was absent. Old Pedro was Lusia's father. His crony, old Jose, in the next village up the river, had recevied a month's pay from Senor Holijos that day, and Pedro had gone to pass the evening with him and help drink a bucket of tuba. At 11 o'clock he came sauntering homeward with unsteady but cat-like steps in blissful ignorance of the fact that the Americanos were in possession of the sugar mill.

Pedro's brown hide was chock of tuba, and his soul was filled with great joy. In fact, he was so happy that he yearned to butcher something, an old woman or a baby or a lame dog. As he came through through the trail in the cane-brake he slashed at the young stalks and grinned blissfully as in imagination he neatly clipped the leaders of unarmed foes with his bolo sword.

Cross Dog was on post, too, at the upper entrance to the sugar mill. The first night on guard at a strange post with a small detachment and in a country swarming with treacherous foes is a great trial to men's nerves. Especially so when it is next to impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Moreover, Cross Dog had been unfortunate in the details for a week back and had been marched on an average of fifteen miles each day through muddy ricefields which is equivalent to forty miles a day on an American highway. Consequently Cross Dog's temper, usually peppered dynamite, was now sawedged lightning. Sevenspot had posted him with the informtion that native amigos were not supposed to be abroad after nine o'clock and left the rest to his discretion.

Cross Dog hacked with his bayonet at the dried mud on his leggings and stared across the narrow clearing between the mill and the canefield. There came just the semblance of a rustle from the canebrake, and Cross Dog stopped hacking and dropped suddenly on one knee, for at night a man can see better squatting than standing. The nearer his eyes to the ground the higher and plainer objects are thrown up against the horizon.

The rustle in the canefield grew louder, and Cross Dog unlocked the safety on his Krag. Then, oblivious of his danger, old Pedro stepped noiselessly into the clearing and the shadow of death. Cross Dog waited for the second native to come out of the brake. If he came in the footsteps of his file leader, one bullet would do duty for two. And it is a pity to waste ammunition, and a dirty rifle barrel makes work. If old Jose had accompanied old Pedro home that night, there would have been two funeral drums to beat next day. But as old Pedro came alone Cross Dog hesitated a second and decided to give the intruder a chance for his life.

"Halt!" he cried.

Old Pedro started and then in his fright came on all the faster, his wicked looking bolo in hand. That was too much for Cross Dog's temper and nerves, but he was an American and instinctively hated to kill a half armed creature whose life he could take as he would snuff a candle. Moreover, he had an American contempt for the fighting qualities of these brown pygmies, and the disposition to play cat and mouse with them until they came right up to the bayonet's point. So Cross Dog's first shot made a kite of old Perdo's straw hat, his second spattered the front of him and three more made shallow grooves in his bare brown legs.

There was one cartridge left in Cross Dog's rifle when Pedro halted, panting, at the bayonet's point. An inch more and that cartridge would have been the final period in old Pedro's book of life, for Cross Dog was not only rattlesnake mad, but also grossly insulted. A bare legged Kakiack in his shirttail and a straw hat and armed with a four span bolo had dared to charge right up to his rifle's mouth! Cross Dog felt that he ought to kill this fool creature. It was according to orders. But somehow he couldn't quite do it. So he jabbed with his bayonet through Pedro's hide and gave him a choice selection of profanity and advice.

"Blink blank (jab) you," he exclaimed, "when Melicana say halt, you (jab) halt (jab). Savey? You blink blank, caramba fool, if you (jab) keep vamoosin, blank you, when Melicana say (jab) halt, Meclicana boom-boom you, blink blank you, blank qnick! Blink bank you (jab), when Meclicana say halt, you stop quick every blank tempo till Melicana malayoh (see) you with his blanked mala (eyes) and talkee ah kee (come here), blank you! You (jab) savey?"

Then old Pedro, after explanations, was permitted to go to his nipa shack, and the four Americans off guard returned to their blankets. After crawling into his shack Pedro ordered his daughter Luisa to make a light, and to emphasize the order he beat her with his fist in the face. And Luisa, being only a woman, made a great outcry. Then she got a big bundle of split bamboo and laid it upon the bed of coals in the center of the mill and fanned the bamboo into a great flaming torch. Then old Pedro ordered her to dress his scratches and beat her in the face to insure obedience. The blaze of the torch fell upon Cross Dog's back so that he was a fine mark for a Papircios Remington and blinded his eyes so he could not see five paces into the clearing. And Luisa's outcries deafened his ears to the secrets of the canefield. For these reasons, and not because he cared to interfere with Pedro's methods of parental discipline, Cross Dog deliberately violated regulations and deserted his post.

He picked up a bundle of dry, split bamboo and marched through the sugar mill to Pedro's nipa stach. He reached in and caught that disciple of Solomon by one ankle and dragged him forth after the fashion of a plantation negro who knows where the chicken roost. And Pedro howled, and Cross Dog swore, and fifty brown babies woke up and squalled, and a hundred mongrel dogs barked.

"Shure," said Sevenspot, reporting the occurrence to his lieutenant, who visited the hacienda the following day, "when I woke up I thought I were in purgathory the day after the holocaust av an insane asylum, a dog pound an' an orphan asylum. An Luisa there, the' ould devil Pedro's daughter, sat by while Cross Dog larruped her dad ah' wept tears av joy an' gratitude. I'm thinkin 'twere th' first toime she iver knew th' ould bandit to get his deserts. The other amigos say he has a brother an' two sons with the Papircios in th' mountains."

"If that's the case," said the lieutenant, mounting his carabao, "you need not bother to halt him the next time he tries to come in after taps. I don't want this detachment to get cut out of leniency to any native of doubtful antecedents.

When the detachment turned out their chicory the morning after old Pedro's chastisement. Luisa was waiting for them with a powder can half full of carabao milk for Cross Dog's coffee. The men squatted on the edge of a sugar vat and gnawed the hard tack and drank their bitter chicory. Cross Dog's scraggly beard bristled with bad temper, and he choked the effort to eat, drink and swear in the same breath. With eyes that beamed with gratitude and admiration little Luisa a timidly presented her offering of carabao milk. Cross Dog glared at her.

"Blink blank you," he growled, "what the blink blank do you want?"

"Si, senor," said Luisa, ducking obsequiously and holding the can so that Cross Dog could see its contents. "Mucha gooda!"

And Luisa pointed first at the milk and then to Cross Dog's cup. Then Cross Dog comprehended and grabbed the can and emptied it into his coffee.

"I'll be blink blanked," he growled, "if the blink blanked rag didn't bring me some blink blank milk!"

Luisa listened like an attentive pupil. Then, with a knowing air, she nodded her little head, and, pointing into the empty can, she said:

"Si, senor; I savey. Filipino, loobkat; Melicana, dam milk. Si, I savey mucha Melicana poco tiempo."

Cross Dog stopped in the middle of a gulp of coffee and stared at the little brown woman.

"Well, I'll be blink blanked," he exclaimed, "if the blink blanked nigger ain't swearing at me in English!"

"Si, si, senor," she chirped, coquettishly lifting the yard of red calico that served her as petticoat and dress skirt and exposing rather more than a peep of pretty bare ankle. "I savey. Senorita—that me in Espanol. Dam nigger—that me Melicana. Si. I savey mucha Melicana poco tiempo."

Cross Dog choked with irritation "Well, I'll be blink blanked?" was all he could say.

For a week thereafter Luisa followed at Cross Dog's heels like a faithful dog, much to that individual's outspoken disgust. And meanwhile Luisa's vocabulary of English became a thing of beauty and a joy forever to the soldiers.

Then there came another Saturday night. This time old Pedro and Jose went to a village down the river to visit Juan, who had received much money from Senor Holijos. And they tarried late and drank a great deal of tuba and also beno. And the more they drank the braver they grew, until in the dark hour just before the dawn they laughed scornfully as they spoke of the white faced Americanos and snapped their fingers at all "Haltas!" Then Juan and Jose sailed forth to see Pedro home and help him bid defiance to the American "Halt!" And to insure success they carried their sharpest bolos.

It was the early morning relief on guard Cross Dog was on post 2, at the down river end of the mill, and it always stirred his bile to have his sleep broken just before daylight. The air was chill and damp, and Cross Dog shivered and cursed all creation by catalogue. Then he stopped and listened. The light breeze from the east never caused that rustle in the canefield. Again Gross Dog crouched on one knee and threw the safety lock of his Krag. A half naked native stepped out into the clearing. Again Cross Dog waited to see if he came alone. Another and another stepped out beside the first, and the three advanced crouching, with bolos in hand. They mockingly echoed Cross Dog's challenge and came on, and then the hacienda awoke to the music of "Wow-rp-rp! Tick-tuck-tuck-tick! Wow-rp-rp!" And this time Cross Dog's rifle had done its deadly work, as three silent Kakiacks lying there in the gray morning testified. Six men in blue stood and looked down at the slain. And then there was a great uproar, and native men chattered, and native women shrieked, and native dogs barked, and native babies howled. Only the soldiers were silent and grave as they looked upon the dead, until a gray haired little brown woman came and knelt beside old Pedro and sought to close his eyes and compose his limbs. Then Cross Dog's eyes looked down to the ground, and he was ashamed of his handiwork, for the gray old woman was old Pedro's wife and Luisa's mother. It was while his eyelids were weighted down with shame and pity that little Luisa, pretty and coquettish, nestled up to his side and caressed his hairy, freckled fist and looked up at him with smiling lips and eyes moist with lovelight.

Pressing his hand over her heart with both of hers, she said: "Me love you mucha. You boom-boom madre (pointing to her mother), and we matrimony. Esta?"

For in the outyling islands of the Philippines, where the world is topside down, the old folk pound out no rice and are the better for being killed.

It was thus that Cross Dog won one woman's heart. But Sevenspot prophecy came true, for he cursed her until his throat was sore and then exchanged with a soldier at Isabella to get out of her sight. And now, when some young soldier boasts of his success with the fair sex, Cross Dog blurts scornfully:

"Blink blank it! I can take my Krag and 200 cartridges and go out and get enough women to start a harem. All you have to do to make 'em love you is to kill their mother and father, blank it."—*New York Sun.*

Keith's, August 6th.

The business done at Keith's in the hot weather is something wonderful. On a rainy evening when the roofgardens and benches are impossible, it is Keith's that benefits, and the Union Square Theatre is as full as if it ware the height of the theatrical season. The house is comfortably filled even on very warm afternoons by shoppers who go in there to get cool; for Keith's is acknowledged to have the pleasantest atmosphere in New York City when the street pavements are baking.

The strength of the show has something to do with this unceasing popularity. Take next week's bill. The Great Lafayette remains at the head of the list, and there are Arthur Dunn, the diminutive comedian and pretty Clara Belle Jerome, in their laughable skit "The Messenger Boy;" Boumen & Adelle, in their novel comedy sketch; Clarice Vence, the famous singer of Southern melodies; Dorothy Neville, the comedienne; the Willis family of musical wonders; tho Marvellous Morrills on the bicycle, and Mr. Keith's latest importation from abroad, Mlle. Christina and her trained monkeys and dogs.

AN ORIENTAL TIDBIT.

GINSENG IS DEEMED A LUXURY BY CELESTIAL GRANDEES.

It is not a well known fact that a large percentage of the shipment of ginseng (Aralia ginseng) which go annually to China is contributed by the forests of northern Ohio. Nevertheless it is true. Large districts there were and still are comparatively well stocked with the herb, and many residents have made hundreds of dollars by gathering the roots in years gone by. The first sign of spring calls the ginseng diggers from their homes, and many of them are already afield, seeking probably the most precious plant that grows. A spade and bags over his shoulder identify the man who seeks ginseng from the other men. He goes to rich woodlands and then singles out the butternut trees under which the herb is most commonly found.

The roots of the plant, sometimes fleshy tubers the size of a forefinger, are of that shape and easily go to make up a pound of the matter desired. When dried, they bring from $3 to $10 a pound according to their size, the older and larger the higher the price. Although gathering the roots is a profitable business that of selling direct to the consumer is much more profitable. In China it is sold by the ounce and ofttimes bring as high as $200 an ounce, that weight in all cases bringing more than the pound upon the American market. With the Celestials it is a prize, and upon perfect specimens as high as $2,500 has been lavished. With them it is supposed to possess supernatural power to stengthen and invigorate the weakening tissues, so that the eater will live to be 100 years old. And not only is the power thus ascribed, but to the poor mentally it imparts knowledge, and above all prepares the olive eyed prince for a long and luxurious sojourn on earth.

In fact, the ginseng root is almost sacred to the Chinaman of the upper class, and to present it to one's friend is a homage difficult of appreciation by the sons of the west who gather it in the woods. The entire growth of the herb is protected by the government in the Chinese empire. At one time the emperor detailed 10,000 Tartars to gather all that could be found in his domain. Each man was obliged to give two pounds to his majesty, and for what he succeeded in gathering afterward he was repaid by its weight in silver. This, however, was no more than one-eighth of its value, and soon it was exchanged evenly for weight in gold, as is often the case at the present time.

The American crop does not compare at all favorably with that of Korea. In that country, however, it is found practicable to raise it in gardens, and here it it impossible to produce good roots by so doing. It is a crime punishable by death for a Korean to sell ginseng outside of his own country without imperial permission. Thus protected, it forms one of the staple products of Korea, and is much appreciated by the Chinese owing to its superior flavor. There is naturally a prejudice on the part of the Chinese to receive from the west anything so highly regarded by them. Up to the dawn of the nineteenth century it was exported from America in small quantities, but as early as 1830 the shipments amounted to nearly $100,000 in one year.

There seems to be an idea prevalent in this country that the Chinese powder the roots and smoke them. This is an error. It is never used as a quietus. The commoner classes eat it much as we do the common licorice root, but those who employ it most are the grandees and even the royal households.

A truly oriental and luxurious manner of administering the powdered root obtains among the higher classes. By the highest caste the treatment is taken during a period of 40 days once in two years. The patient is taken to a beautiful garden where flowers are blooming, birds singing, water sparkling from a fountain and usually where music is to be heard through the hours of the day.

In this retreat he is told nothing of the outside world, and is allowed to receive no letters from friends for fear they might contain unpleasant news. Here he is fed the ginseng powder, a soft yellow stuff with a slightly aromatic flavor. As a natural consequence of his rest from trouble and worry the patient comes forth in brighter spirit, and in this way it is sounded abroad that it was the ginseng treatment which made him so.

It is a singular fact that the name given the plant by the Chinese and the North America Indian is strongly similar. Both names suggest the fancied resemblance of a root to the form of the human body, the tuber being ofttimes split into two divisions resembling the limbs of a man. On account of this similarity to a man's form the supernatural powers were ascribed to it, and there is evidence to show that it was in high favor with the Indians on the same account.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

European Monarchs at the Eden Musee.

For several years there has been on exhibition at the Eden Musee a group which has attracted much attention, entitled "The Rulers of the World." During the past few weeks this group has been entirely re-made and is now a perfect historical group as well as a work of art. The greatest care has been taken in getting the exact measurements of the kings and queens, as well as duplicates of the latest court costumes worn by them. In the majority of cases the costumes have been made as exact duplicates by the same tailors who made the originals. The result is that the group is interesting not only on account of the distinguished personages represented but also on account of the court costumes. The group is now on exhibition and is attracting much attention on account of the trouble in China, which seems likely to involve the whole of Europe in a war. The kings and queens appear to be in a large drawing room as if attending a reception. Some are standing while others are sitting, but all are in easy position, and apparently discussing. The Emperor of China is a prominent figure as is also the Mikado of Japan. Emperor William and the Czar of Russia stand only a few feet apart, while Queen Victoria and President McKinley occupy the center of the room. In the rear of the drawing room the flags of all the countries are suspended, making an unique drapery. The group as a whole is worthy of careful study, and visitors feel as if they had actually seen the originals. Many other new wax groups have been placed on exhibition at the Musee, which with the existing groups make an interesting and elaborate display. In the Winter Garden, throughout the afternoon and evening, moving pictures are shown hourly with a change of views each hour. The long list of subjects include pictures of the Paris Exposition, war views, and comic and mysterious pictures from Paris. Concerts are given afternoon and evening, and by the hosts of out of town visitors to the city daily, the Musee is considered the most interesting and instructive amusement place in the great city.

The Critical Moment.

"Would you mind telling me how you became a successful man?" asked the visitor.

"Why I couldn't talk about that now," answered the man with a worried look. "It's too early in life."

"But you have made a fortune and engineered great enterprises and secured the confidence and applause of your people and"—

"Oh, yes. But that's all in my regular work. Haven't you heard what we're doing now?"

"Why—er—I can't say that I have."

"We're going to give a party. It'll be one of the biggest ever given, and you'll have to wait till my wife sees how I behave, before it's decided whether I'm a success or not."—*Washington Star.*

God neither asks for more than we can do nor expects less than the most.

FIRST ANNUAL

Excursion

given by the

Pan American Deaf-Mute Fishing Club

— OF —

BUFFALO, N. Y.

— TO —

Arcade Park,

Springville, Erie County, N. Y. Fifty miles from Buffalo.

Wednesday, August 15

There will be fine music and dancing. . . . . .

There will be prizes to winners of the following games: Base ball; Running race; Hop, Skip and Jump; Catch the Pig if you can; Potato race, and many other games. Programmes will be given out at the Park.

TICKETS:

ADULTS, - - - - 50 cents.
CHILDREN, - - - 25 "

Trains leave New York Central Depot at 9 A.M. and 2.30 P.M.

MARYLAND.

FOURTH BIENNIAL CONVENTION.

The Fourth Biennial Convention of the Maryland State Association of the Deaf, will be held in Hagerstown, Md., Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, August 15th, 16th, 17th, 1900.

The first two days—Wednesday and Thursday—will be occupied by the sessions of the Convention.

On the third day—Friday—an excursion will be made to some point of interest. Full particulars will be given in due time.

An interpreter will be present at all of the sessions. The Mayor of Hagerstown and other prominent gentlemen interested in the education and welfare of the deaf will be asked to make addresses.

All deaf-mutes residing within the State of Maryland are urged to join the Association, whether they expect to attend the Convention or not. The annual fee for the gentlemen is 50 cents, and for the ladies 25 cents. No dues are required.

Those intending to be present at the Convention will please notify the Secretary, Mr. A. C. Buxton, 437 E. Huntingdon Avenue, Baltimore, so that arrangements may be made for reduced railroad fares and hotel accommodations.

The present officers of the Association are: Rev. O. J. Whildin, President; G. A. Gallion, First Vice President. Miss Iola Pettit, Second Vice-President; E. C. Wyand, Third Vice-President; A. C. Buxton, Secretary; H. T. Reamy, Treasurer.

The Local Committee of Arrangements are: E. C. Wyand, Keedsville; Miss A. M. Dashiell, Hagerstown; W. A. Halbach, Hagerstown.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

AUGUST 5TH, NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, 10.30 A.M. Holy Communion. Rev. A. W. Mann officiating.
During the rest of August, Sunday afternoon services in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes at 4 P.M. Services in Brooklyn, Newark and Patterson omitted in August.
September 2d all services resumed at the usual hours.

FOR SALE.

160 acres of land in Kansas. Inquire of Mrs. Chas. E. Fish, Kensington, Rockingham Co., N. H.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 2, 1900.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One copy, one year, - - $1.00
If not paid within six months, 1.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

IT is a long time since it became a recognized principle of good government that popular education is necessary to a country's prosperity. Progress and prosperity are the offspring of general enlightenment. This has become an axiom—that is, it is an accepted belief that need not be proved.

If education is so important to the people who are not handicapped by the loss of one or more of the senses, how much more so must it be to those upon whom the burden of deafness is placed For, no matter what enthusiasts in educational matters may say, deafness is always a handicap in the world of business, and no one is ever "restored to society" in the full sense of its meaning, although brilliance of intellect, beauty of person, and charm of manner, may go a long way in that direction.

It therefore behooves the deaf, if they would become truly self-respecting and independent factors in the world, to embrace every opportunity that is offered in the way of education. Just the education of to-day, eclectic in system and broad in character, is the kind that fits the deaf for the workaday world that they invariably must enter.

The schools for the deaf have cause for congratulation in the fact that the deaf, as a rule, do very well in the battle of life. But there are many who cut but a sorry figure, who might have done better had they taken advantage of the opportunities offered them. These are that class of the deaf who left school before the expiration of their terms; or, whose irregularity in attendance hampered their progress and stunted their mental growth.

If there is one thing more than another that should be impressed upon deaf boys and girls (*and their parents*), it is that they should begin the school term promptly and should take every day that the law allows them.

In spite of all warning, both by precept and example, scores of deaf pupils are kept at home when they should be at school.

There are many causes for this neglect to utilize the advantages the schools offer. First of all, we might mention the impatience of youth and their ignorance of what the world will expect from them when they grow to be men and women. Secondly, children indulge in imaginary grievances, and construe every rebuke and reprimand, meant for their welfare, to be injustice and oppression. Third, and greatest of all, is the criminal folly of parents in humoring the whims of their children; or, for the present small value of the child's services, to cruelly and selfishly sacrifice the child's future welfare.

The deaf at school are constantly trained in habits of industry, and are also taught some trade that if fully mastered will make them independent, self-supporting citizens. The regularity and mild discipline of school life, developes the will power and gives them the inestimable faculty of self-control. Their physical well-being is carefully looked after and intelligently developed. All the functions of the mind are properly exercised and cultivated, while knowledge that is useful, and which will enable them to mingle freely with their hearing brethren, is systematically imparted.

If parents would have their children's lives marred by incompetency and dependence, taking them from school before their terms expire will undoubtedly produce that sad result.

If they would see their children become bright, capable, prosperous and happy, then make it a point to allow no lapse in the good work being done for all pupils in our educational institutions.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

The Kansas City Base Ball Club, has a deaf-mute pitcher, named Paul Curtis. Thus far he has proved a phenomenon.

Miss Priscilla Freyberg, of Poughkeepsie, has returned home after a delightful visit to her sister, Mrs. Abbey Koffman, in Wakefield, N. Y.

Mrs. Henry Schanck, of Turkey, N. J., presented her husband with a fine eight-pound boy on the 22d ult. Mother and child are doing well.

Prof. Weston Jenkins and wife, of Englishtown, formerly of the New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes, visited Mr. and Mrs. H. Schanck on Sunday, July 15th. They also called on Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Hankinson, in Freehold, N. J.

Mrs. Jacob Stafflinger and her children, of East Buffalo, N. Y., have returned home from Rochester, N. Y., and Canandaigua, N. Y., on the 14th of July, after spending a couple of weeks with Mrs Stafflinger's aged parent and relatives. They enjoyed their visit very much.

Pitcher Taylor, the deaf-mute signed by the New York Club, promises to be a winner, if his form in practise is a criterion of what he can do in a game. Mike Grady, who has been trying out the youngster, says he is as good a man as ever he caught. Taylor is the only "dummy" that ever [illegible] in the league. In the [illegible] days Columbus once had a deaf-mute pitcher named Dundon.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, July 28, 1900.*

John A. Elflein, who graduated from Fanwood last June, has been living in Roxbury, N. Y. A few days ago he was mentioned in the Roxbury papers as having saved the Roxbury Baseball team from defeat at the hands of the Mountain Athletic Club, by a running catch of what might have been a three-bagger way out in leftfield, in the last half of the ninth inning, thereby holding the score at 11 to 10, in his team's favor.

A canvass is being made of the deaf-mutes of the State of Vermont, under the direction of Bishop Hall, with the intention of giving them the benefit and advantages of church ministrations. The work is being done by Rev. H. W. Van Allen, of Bath, N. Y., himself a deaf-mute, and recently elevated to the priesthood in the Episcopal church. Mr. Van Allen aims to devote his life to the spiritual welfare of his fellow unfortunates. He has already begun work in this State, and will visit each county and every town where any deaf and dumb persons reside.—*Montpelier Argus.*

ILLINOIS GALLAUDET UNION.

Business Program.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 30TH.

1. Prayer.
2. Addresses and Responses.
3. President's Address.
4. Reports of Secretary and Committee on Printing.
5. Appointment of Committees.
6. Oration, by Rev. P. J. Hasenstab.
7. Report of Committee on Nominations and Election of officers.
8. New Business.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1ST.

1. Prayer.
2. Reading of Minutes.
3. Report of Committee on Enrollment.
4. Report of Treasurer.
5. Paper, "Gallaudet College and Technical Education," by Prof. A. G. Draper.
6. Paper, "Memory Training," by Mrs. Annabel P. Kerney.
7. Report of Committee on Resolutions.
8. Unfinished Business.

F. R. GRAY, *President.*
July 14, 1900.

Situation Wanted.

A DEAF-MUTE would like to assist in a Christian home during the months of August and September, in care of children, sewing, or light housework. References exchanged. Call, or write to J. E. Fray, 502 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn.

PHILADELPHIA.

Deaf-Mute Boy Shot by a Policeman.

HS CONDITION SERIOUS.

The News in Brief.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

A deplorable incident occurred on Tuesday of last week in which a young deaf-mute because the target of an officer's pistol while apparently innocent of any crime than that of being scared into running away from supposed pursuit. The Philadelphia *Record*, July 25th, 1900, describes the incident thus:

"While running away with another boy last evening, and unable to hear the order to stop from some policeman in pursuit, fourteen-year-old Edward Ormsby, a deaf-mute, living at the northeast corner of American and Somerset Streets, received a bullet wound through the left lung, at Somerset and Philip Streets, from a revolver fired by Policeman Samuel Boyd, of the Thirtieth district. At the Episcopal Hospital the doctors stated that his condition was very serious.

"Policeman Boyd was one of eight officers who had been sent in citizens' clothes to arrest a gang of loafers at the corner. When they arrived on the scene young Ormsby was standing with a companion drinking water at a pump on the corner.

"The men whom the officers were after suspected trouble and ran. Ormsby and the other boy took flight with the rest. The policemen cried "Halt!" The little deaf-mute could not hear him, and kept on his way.

"A half-minute later Boyd drew his revolver and fired, and the boy fell to the ground. Boyd says that he supposed the shot was fired in the air," Lieutenant Enders said last that the officer would remain on duty for the present.

"The wounded boy is a student at the Mount Airy School for the Deaf and Dumb, and was at home for a vacation. His mother is a widow, who has lately been bereft of several children, her eldest daughter, aged 24 years, having died only two months ago."

The same paper reported the boy's condition on Thursday as follows:

"Edward Ormsby, the young deaf-mute who fell a victim to Policeman Boyd's revolver on Monday night, shows signs of recovery at the Episcopal Hospital. Though still in a dangerous condition, the boy has a fighting chance for life."

The affair created a deal of talk in the neighborhood in which several other deaf-mutes reside, among them, Mr. Wm. F. Durian. The writer also has a friend who knows the officer well. He speaks highly of him, but can not understand how he made such a mistake. It does seem a little strange that out of a crowd of boys the one who could not hear the officer's call to halt, should become the victim, while all the others who heard it escaped.

Mrs. Edward D. Wilson and family are summering at Atlantic City, having give up Willow Grove. Mr. Wilson joins his family weekly, remaining over Sunday.

Rev. O. J. Whildin, returning from Lansford, Pa., on his way to Baltimore, stopped in Philadelphia several hours, during which he visited Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Reider.

Mr. Thomas D. Delp had several toes crushing by a piece of iron falling on them at the iron works where he is employed in Chester, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Reider with their daughter, Sadie, have gone to the country for a brief stay. They will be at the foot of the Blue Mountains, in Berks County, which Mr. Reider has crossed and recrossed on foot.

Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett came near being severely injured recently by a heavy beam striking him on the stomach. He is, we are glad to say, all right again.

The child of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. D. Delp, which has been suffering with inflammation, of the stomach, is said to be improving under medical treatment.

Mrs. Mary H. Rocap is visiting Mrs. Lanius, of York, Pa. Her stay is indefinite.

Mrs. Effie L. Dorfner, whose husband died recently, has given up housekeeping and gone with her mother to Erie, Pa., where she will remain until she decides what to do.

Miss Roelofs, of Pittsburg, is here again. She likes Philpadelphia so well that she visits it regularly in Summer.

Scott Foreman, of Merchantville, N. J., and a student of Gallaudet College, is spending his vacation among relatives at Altoona, Pa.

Messrs. Wm. McKinney, Geo. W. Campbell and Wm. Doughten called on the Partingtons, at Chester, on Sunday.

Mrs. Charles Partington contemplates a visit to Newark soon.

Some report has being going around that hardly any one from this locality will attend the Pittsburg Convention. This is incorrect, for we know several who have either decided to go or are straining the nerves of the head to find a way to get to Pittsburg at the right time. Then, too, the habit of most deaf is not to decide such trips until the eleventh hour. Has not past experience amply proven this.

Howard E. Arnold is now enjoying the breezes of Ardmore, where he will remain till September.

The rooms of the Clerc Literary Association are open every Thursday evening for social purposes.

We do not know of a deaf-mute by the name of J. S. Keefe having resided hereabouts, and others, of whom we have inquired, don't know either. Of course, we don't profess to know every deaf-mute in Philadelphia and can only answer "Myrtle" as far as we know. We are, however, inclined to agree with "Myrtle" as to the man's pretensions, for if there were more than one deaf Keefe here it is quite likely that we would have heard of one or the other after living here so long.

Miss Florence Eckert, who came to this city from Baltimore several years ago, enjoyed the excursion to Atlantic City. It was the first time she had been there.

Rev. J. M. Koehler's family left Saturday for a farm in Northern Pennsylvania, to spend for a few weeks.

Mr. Lewis I. Ash, of Phoenixville, Pa., is going to Atlantic City on Monday, July 30th, and expects to stay there for a couple of days.

Mr. J. A. Boland, a teacher in the West Virginia School for the Deaf and the Blind, was in Philadelphia at Green's Hotel from the 27th till the 1st of August. He had been to Atlantic City with his wife for a month, and was his way back to Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Boland were visitors at All Souls' Church this morning. They were educated at Broad and Pine Streets (Deaf School). They were glad to see their schoolmates.

Mr. Harrison F. Yoder's brother, formerly of Reading, Pa., has a good position as druggist's clerk, in Germantown, Pa. He expects to attend the College of Pharmacists in Philadelphia.

Mrs. M. Syle has gone to Delaware for a month.

NEW JERSEY.

It is a source of great regret to say that a Mr. Smith, of Bound Brook, is an uneducated deaf-mute. He is twenty-six years old, and has been employed at the Standard Paint Works in that town four years. He has two deaf-mute sisters who left the Trenton School of their own accord. When asked why they did not take the trouble to familiarize their poor brother with the only means of communication (the sign-language) from which he could derive a large measure of profit and pleasure, regardless of his inability to read or write, they demurred, and finally replied that they had tried but that he had never taken any interest in their endeavor. It is a dire pity that the man whose natural gestures indicate a dormant intellect of a high order should be practically left to his own fate. Yet, there is a good chance to ameliorate his condition. This can be taken advantage of by enjoying the company of the deaf at their social functions, and Mr. Smith will, before he knows it, be well versed in the use of regular signs.

A trolley excursion to Boynton Beach, which takes place in the latter part of August, promises to be one of the most enjoyable affairs that have been given by the deaf this summer. Everyone is welcome. Those living in New York and Newark can take trolley cars from Elizabeth to Cranford, to Westfield, to Rahway, to Woodbridge and to the Beach. The ride alone will afford a decided relief from the common round of pleasures gone all over again every year. No tickets will be sold. The date will be announced in the JOURNAL one week before the excursion. It will not be a money scheme in any sense. The object is to meet as many friends as possible at the resort. The only thing that will have to be paid for in coming to the place is the fare.

ORRIS BENSON'S PROGRESS.

The progess which Orris Benson, the deaf, dumb, and blind boy is making is quite remarkable, and the scientific treatment which he is receiving at the New York Institution of the Deaf and Dumb has made him a cheerful inmate, as he carries on conversation with the use of the sign language by the sense of touch. He can converse also by speech. He has a great fondness for history and geography, and he has a also made considerable progress in arithmetic. He can do chair caning, carpentry work, and even manages to earn considerable money during his vacation. He is showing an excellent intellect, and the similarity of his case to that of Helen Keller is attracting wide attention. It will be interesting to see the development of these two minds which, but for the patient and scientific instruction of their teachers, must have passed through life wrapped in Cimmerian darkness.—*Scientific American.*

A HIGH COMPLIMENT.

Scranton Republican, July 24.

Prof. J. W. Blattner, principal of the Texas State School for the Deaf, with five teachers of the institution, who have been in the city since the first of the month taking instruction in the method pursued at the oral school in this city, will complete their studies this week.

The Texas school is located at Austin. It was established in 1856, and Prof. Blattner has been at its head for 15 years. It is the only school of the kind in the state, and it is regarded as of especial excellence. Last year, the enrollment of pupils was 285, and next year, there will be over 300, about its full capacity. So successful has its work proven that it is to be enlarged. The oral and manual systems are both used there, but Prof. Blattner and several of the teachers wished to perfect themselves more fully in the latter, so came to Scranton to take a month's tuition under Miss Mary Brown, superintendent of the oral school. The young ladies in the party are the Misses Annie Goggin, Carrie Steagell, Nannie Jones, Olivia Thomas and Ethel Hilliard. They have made their home on Adams Avenue while here, and their acquaintance is highly valued by all those they have met.

"The use of the word 'dumb' in connection with such schools as ours," said Prof. Blattner last evening to a reporter for the *The Republican*," is fast going out. So many who would come under the old head of deaf and dumb have learned to talk that it cannot be claimed that because one is deaf, they are dumb. There are different opinions as to the ability of the deaf to acquire speech. Some claim it depends on the mental capacity, others that it rests with the natural adaptability of the pupil.

The oral method, by which the words are read from the movement of the lips, is growing in favor, and all schools where only the manual, or finger movement, was once used, now have an oral department. The first oral school was opened at Northampton, Mass., in the 60's. They do not use any other method in Germany, where they have great success with it. In fact, the government there compels its use. The sign, or manual system, was brought to this country from France in 1817, and the first school established at Hartford, Conn.

Prof. Blattner continued that it was the usual thing for teachers in all schools to visit different parts of the country and educational institutions to get acquainted with any new and improved methods, so they came this summer to Scranton where the oral school stands as among the best in the country. They were all much pleased with the city. They had not expected to find a place where coal plays such a prominent part so clean and attractive. The young ladies had visited one of the mines, and, as that sort of thing was entirely new to them, it was of particular interest.

"We have all been much interested," said the professor," in the thought that the entire city is honeycombed as you might say, with mines. Of course, you don't mind it, but it seems to us as though there might be danger of the ground caving in. I have been a little careful about writing home about it, for they could hardly understand it, and might think I was giving them an exaggerated account."

When leaving the city at the close of the week, Professor Blattner will go to his old home at Council Bluffs, Ia., while the young ladies will go to New York. Miss Brown, of the oral school, will start at the same time for vacation in Canada.

In this connection, a story just written by G. A. Henty seems peculiarly interesting. The title is "The Lost Heir," and the plot is woven about two girls, who have been deaf from birth, but who have acquired such a proficiency in oral reading that they could easily tell what any one was saying from the movement of their lips. The girls are called Hilda and Netta, and through their wonderful ability, the villains of the piece are brought to justice, and everything comes out all right. In one instance, one of the girls watched them across a theatre and from their discussion of their plans gathered information that was of vital importance in checkmating one of their plans.

When this was mentioned to Professor Blattner, he said it looked as though the possibilities of oral reading had been exaggerated, for he had never known anyone who could follow the movement of the lips such a distance. But when told that the story gave the girl an opera glass to look through, he thought it quite possible.

"Ah!" said he, "that would make it different. I think such a thing might be done."

A Deaf and Dumb Giant.

Taylor, the deaf and dumb twirler the Giants' secured from the Albany Club, is considered to a be splendid pitcher. He practiced previous to the game yesterday and showed up well.—*N. Y. World.*

A DEAF-MUTE MASCOT.

KNOWN AS "LITTLE BILL"—WANDERED IN THE STATION HOUSE EIGHT YEARS AGO—THERE YET AND CARED BY THE TENDER-HEARTED BLUE COATS.

This is the life story of William Rosenberger, deaf-mute and orphan—a care on the world until he fell into the hands of men of a police station. Men who, despite their constant contact with crime and sorrow, still retain a soft spot for the helpless beneath their blue coats.

They have spent eight years in giving him an education which institutions refused him. No mother ever watched with more zealous pride over her first-born, and as a result William Rosenbeger, deaf-mute, is no longer a waif, but a self-supporting young man—the pride and protege of the patrol crews of the station house at Front and Master Streets.

In 1892 there wandered into the patrol house of the Front and Master street station a ragged little urchin. He manifested the greatest interest in the furnishing and trappings of the establishment, usually the Mecca of all small boys. He proceeded to inspect the quarters as carefully as though he were the Director himself.

Shout from the sergeant failed to attract his attention. When he had been pulled unceremoniously from the patrol wagon, he turned such a pitiful pair of blue eyes on his captor that the latter hadn't the heart to hustle him out of the building.

The boy was deaf and dumb.

At that time he could not speak a word. He was adopted by the police on the spot, and christened "Little Bill," owning to his diminutive size. He was then about eleven years old. Superintendent Quirk, then captain of the Tenth district, welcomed the little stranger, as did the "Jim Cat," a feline pet who only answers to a whistle. With these two arrayed on his side, "Little Bill's" success as a mascot was assured. The many duties of the City Hall have not driven thoughts of the boy from the Superintendent's head, and no trip to the "Tenth" is complete without a sight of the youngster.

"Little Bill" learned rapidly, and is to day as useful as he is popular. Three years ago every police officer in the district "chipped in" and the boy was sent to Mount Airy for two seasons. At the end of that time, so the policemen say, the authorities refused to reaccept "Little Bill" because he had learned to talk. Not very plainly, to be sure, but enough to technically no longer leave him a "mute." When he came back all hands started in to educate him themselves. As a result, he can to-day make himself well understood, and never fails to catch every word of a conversation if he can see the speaker's lips.

Recently he has taken a fancy to a nearby blacksmith shop. There, after watching the smith, Little Bill has picked up enough of the trade to forge and weld, single-handed, the "fifth wheel" for a wagon. Taking into consideration the boy's condition in life, the achievement is most remarkable. The wood work was cut into shape with an ordinary jackknife.

"Little Bill" has a good memory. The patrol men tell with pride that at 12.30 and 6 o'clock every day twenty-six police "billys," or clubs, are handed to him in a bunch. Not on one is there a name written, or any identification mark. Yet the boy carries them up to the lockers and in a few minutes every club is in its right place. When strange clubs are put in to test him he always detects them, generally throwing them out the window with his pet phrase, "no good." For this "Little Bill" gets a small tip monthly from each man. This money and the income from a paper route buy his clothes.

Once the boy wanted to be a policeman. With great care a suit of blue was recut for him and a tiny hat and badge made. To the outfit was added a miniature club. Little Bill left the station house one night in great glee to go on duty at Hancock and Jefferson streets. A half hour later he stole in the back door, minus hat, coat, trousers, badge and billy and crying with rage. A crowd of corner loungers had run foul of him with disastrous results, and had stripped the boy. Since then there has been no more active service for "Little Bill." "No good," he says.—*Phila. Inquirer.*

Eastern New York Picnic.

The coming picnic of the Deaf of Eastern New York, at Brookside, on Saturday, August 18th, will be the important event of the Summer in this part of the State.

Brookside is a beautiful and popular resort about eight miles from Troy, reached by street car *via* Albia. The total cost of the round trip from any part of Troy is 25 cents.

The park has an abundance of shade and shelter, swings, dancing pavilion, etc., etc. Refreshments are sold on the ground, and there are excellent hotels at West Sand Lake, only a few minutes walk from the park.

It is proposed to have a series of bicycle races, a baseball game, and a number of contests for ladies. Those desiring to take part in the bicycle races should communicate at once with Mr. John L. Connerton, care H. C. Bascom, Troy, N. Y. A silver medal will be awarded in a mile race, open to all residents of Albany and Troy. Arrangements have been made for the transportation of bicycles from Albia to Brookside. To reach Albia, bicyclists should follow the street car tracks out on Congress Street to the end of the line; and there take the Troy and New England railroad cars to Brookside. Distance from River Street, Troy, to Albia, three miles.

To reach the park go to Troy by whatever route you prefer, and take a car with the word "Albia" on the front end. This will take you to the Troy and New England depot at Albia.

Cars leave corner of Third and Congress Street, Troy, for Albia every few minutes, and the park is easily reached in thirty minutes. The trolley ride through the beautiful suburbs of Troy will be one of the attractions of the day.

TROY, N. Y.

Mrs. H. Burt is visiting Miss Eaton at Ilion.

Wm. Marshall has through H. S. De Celle sent a challenge to George Gilboe to race with him for a side bet of ten dollars.

Mrs. J. Getting in descending the stairs slipped and fell. She was bruised about the face. Mrs. Burt, unaware of the accident, called on her the next day.

C. F. Mull is in Albany. He will go to the picnic and renew the acquaintance with many whom he has not seen in a long time.

H. A. Burt or Sunday last went to North Adams, where he was royally entertained by his old friend Hicok.

Jerry Drum, while spinning along the cycle path at Utica, was stopped by an officer. The latter on being shown the badge which Jerry had previously placed on the wrong side of his wheel, let go his hold on the victim's shoulder, and Jerry pedaled away with a smile a yard long.

Mr. and Mrs. John Connerton will spend a two weeks' vacation in August, at Saratoga.

It was Hiram Brown, who contributed four dollars to the Gallaudet Home Fund, therefore, the statement made to the contrary by my informer is cheerfully corrected.

Clarence A. Boxley, who was registered at the West End Hotel, Asbury Park, New Jersey, for two weeks, returned home Thursday. He stopped in New York for two days on his way home from the sea shore, and paid a pleasant visit to Luther Taylor, the ball tosser who is now a "Giant." He says that Taylor expects to pitch against the Philadelphia club this week.

Now it is the deaf knights of Rome. They want Kihm to leave Troy and join the Rome club. One gentleman in particular, tried in vain to set a trap Boer-fashion for him. He urged him to go to Rome, and he would speak to the manager about adding fifty dollars to his salary. Kihm politely declined, as he is doing well enough, and gets a good salary here. On September 8th, Kihm will go to his home at Danville, Ohio, where live his hearing wife and two children.

Days of Torture in a Jersey Swamp.

Louis Levine, seven years old a deaf-mute, whose parents live on Hasbrouck Heights, Passaic, N. J., was found naked in a swamp two miles from his home yesterday. He was in a fearful state, having for two days been exposed to insects and to the sun.

The boy disappeared from home Monday, and although searching parties were out looking for him no trace could be obtained until he was found last evening by a party of railroad men who had entered the swamp. He was stuck fast in the mud to the waist and unable to move his legs.

He had removed all his clothing, and it lay some distance away.

What he was doing cannot be learned. He is unable to tell his story in the sign language, as his hands are too swollen and sore, and he is almost crazed with the pain.

He has been bitten from his head to his waist, and is suffering fearfully.

He had spent a good part of Tuesday, all of Tuesday night and all of yesterday exposed to the insects, which gathered about him in swarms, and during the day was exposed more or less to the blistering sun.

It is generally believed he wanted to go in swimming in one of the water holes in the swamp, or else desired to keep his clothing from being soiled while he made his way into the swamp after something.

He had passed over several hummocks and then slipped into the mud and was held fast.

Unable to cry out, he could do nothing but fight unavailingly against the flies and mosquitoes.

He was carried to his home, where he is under medical attendance. It will be days before he will be able to get about.—*N. Y. Herald, Aug. 26.*

NEW YORK.

A Pleasant Trip to Westbury.

A BILL FOR PUNCTURES.

Stauch Likes the Deaf--New Route to Rockaway—Brevities.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Sation M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Mr. Gilbert Hicks, of Westbury Station, L. I., escorted Messrs. Soper and Lounsbury to the new country residence of Millionaire Whitney near that place, last Sunday. The building, which will be a palace in itself, is nearing completion. Their interest centered in the stable, which is 800 feet long and has a track under its roof that is three laps to the mile, intended for rainy-day trotting, driving and cycling. In the center are the stalls, holding many first class thoroughbreds with enamel names over the screened doors. On the floor above are the employes' dining and sleeping apartments, with a large "school room" that serves as a library or a gymnasium. The stable, if partitioned off, would make apartments for 300 families with five rooms to each, or 1500 people, if five in each family.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. Barnes have been resting at the residence of Gilbert Hicks for several weeks, and will remain till September. Mr. Barnes is gaining strength after his attack of pleurisy, and now is able to go to work in the Money Order Department of the Post Office in this city. During the worst of his illness his temperature rose to 103°, and the doctors shook their heads. Mr. Barnes realized he could not live, and gave instructions for the disposition of his effects. Then he fell into semi-consciousness, from which he rallied at times. This lasted for four days, when there was a perceptible improvement, and from thence on he continued to improve, until today he is quite well, but it will take several months to regain what strength he lost. His weight was reduced to less than a hundred pounds, but he has since gained fifteen. When I asked him how it felt to realize he was to leave this world, he said he felt ready to go at His summons, felt absolutely no fear, but regretted that his wife and children should be deprived of a husband and father, and so wished he could just live a few more years. His request was granted, so to say.

Louis Stauch and his partner of Stauch's Newark House, Coney Island, personally assured the writer that the item in a certain paper wherein it was stated that they did not care for the presence of the deaf at their place, was absolutely false. They were indignant when shown the paper containing that item, and thumped the table and rendered the air blue with denouncement. "We want the deaf," wrote one of them; "we want all of them and more too, and we will treat them right. They are more peaceful than the average, and as to their not spending money, why they are better customers than the hearing people." Mr. Stauch proved that he meant it by "laying off" the employee that had repeatedly given out such false information. They want all the deaf visitors to Coney Island to understand that they are welcome to their pavilion, and if anyone says anything to the contrary, Mr. Stauch will have him sent to jail for conspiring to hurt his business. Mr. Stauch advertises in about all the souvenir journals gotten out by the deaf. He seeks their patronage. The presence of the deaf helps him; it draws others to the place. He always pleasantly greets the deaf. I can say that Mr. Stauch never at any time in all these years said he did not care for the deaf. If he ever did say so, it referred only to one or two as continually made trouble. He seeks those who behave right. He does not want any rowdies with tendencies to exhibit their prize-ring abilities. ALL the deaf are welcome to Stauch's.

A new route to Rockaway Beach has been in existence for some time that reduces the distance by bicycle by much or more than one half from this city. Formerly it was about 32 miles from East 23d Street ferry. A short cut at Valley Stream reduced it to 30 miles and the new strip from Long Island City made it only 27 miles. But now one can go up Bedford Avenue from the East 23d Street ferry to Eastern Parkway, then, east about two miles, and then south to Canarsie Landing, about 5 miles—a total distance of ten miles. From here ferry takes one about four miles over Canarsie Bay to Rockaway Beach for five cents. Several may try this new route next Sunday, meeting at East 23d Street at 9 A M. If desired, on the return, one can pedal from Canarsie to Coney Island by another route, which is about ten miles. Thus, from New York to Rockaway and back to Canarsie and to Coney Island and back home, is no further than the old route from New York to Rockaway Beach. This route is also traversed by trolley cars—ten cents fare. Cyclists can follow the tracks after leaving the Eastern Parkway. The road is extra wide.

I. N. Soper and T. I. Lounsbury went on quite a long spin over in Long Island Sunday. Ike eyed with envy Ted's new "77" tires. "Now," says Ike, "just wait till you get your initial puncture." Ted, full of recollections of the numerous tacks, pieces of broken glass and pebbles that had so dearly attached themselves to his other tires, grinned and replied that if it happened it would be the inevitable. Along they pedaled, the cyclometers ticked off mile after mile. Ike had taken to spurting and was a half mile ahead of Ted, the latter of whom was trying to keep cool. Presently Ted caught up, but Ike was not riding. He was walking. Ike felt abashed as he asked: "How far is it to a repair shop?" With a mighty will power to prevent an outburst of happy emotion, Ted replied: "Three miles back to Elmhurst, or three miles on to Jamaica." Ike walked to Jamaica and settled the following item on a bill: "To plugging 2 punctures, 50 cents." Ike is now considering buying a pair of "No. 77."

Samuel McClelland, of Mountain View, N. J., who fell heir to five shares of stock in a dry dock through the will of Miss Katie Blauvelt has realized $500 by their sale. Miss Blauvelt, just prior to entering a cancer sanitarium deposited $1000 in a New Jersey bank. From what she had said during her last days, she no doubt intended it for Mrs. James Lewis, but her rather sudden demise has tied it up and it will revert to the nearest of kin

At the bicycle races held at Guttenburg, N. J., on July 29th, L. G. Marshall was entered in the three-quarter mile novice race. His brother Winfield E. Marshall, entered in the Suburban Handicap for one mile and a quarter, and also the Great Hudson Ten-Mile Handicap. He received 100 and 320 yards in these races, respectively. The newspapers of the day following have neither of the Marshall brothers as winners, so we presume they were outclassed.

The Grand Summer-Night Festival which will be held next Saturday, August 4th, at Fort Wendel Park, 194th Street and Amsterdam Ave., promised to be amusing and entertaining in every way. Many tickets have been sold. The proceeds will go to the Gallaudet Home. Remember the date. Doors will open at 2.30. Prizes for bowling and shooting will be a feature.

A sail down to Sandy Hook with plenty of bait and tackle, and an over-night hie-away to some good resort suffices for Fred Meinken's vacation, but later on he will take a good two weeks' off. His business is ever on the increase, and now extends from No. 427 West 13th Street through to 14th Street. Two wall-paper printing presses are now being erected on the 14th Street side.

Julius Rieger, of New Haven, Conn, has been in this city the past week with Connecticut cabbage cigars so large that they reach from the vest pocket to the chin. He says he sails on August 2d for Europe, to take in the Paris Exposition, Germany and Sweden, the trip to cover forty days. He says many other things, too.

George S. Porter, of Trenton, has been in town several times during July. He helped at a birthday surprise party; was entertained by the L. E. S., of which he is a member; took in an excursion and a picnic; ran up to Liberty, N. Y., and to Mountain View, N. J.; and altogether had a lively, hustling two weeks' trip.

Felix A. Simonson holds a trusted position in his father's hair and wig business at 933 Broadway. He is in charge of the Union League's entertainment at the Tuxedo on January 5th, and will easily demonstrate what managerial acumen is in him.

W. L. Waters, a former Brooklynite, but now in this city from California, underwent a dangerous operation for appendicitis last week. The operation was a success, and he is rapidly recovering.

Rev. A. W. Mann will officiate at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes on Sunday morning at 10.30. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Mann and their daughter, and expects to stay in New York a week or two.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Henning recently had the pleasure of visiting Mr. and Mrs. Julius Wollman for a week, at Larkfield, N. Y., where he has a farm of sixty-one acres, well stock and cultivated.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Kinsey, of Brooklyn, have gone to Newfoundland, N. J. for a few weeks. Mr. Kinsey has been laid up for three weeks with inflammatory rheumatism, and the doctor advised a change of air.

Luther Taylor, the deaf-mute pitcher signed by the New York Club, held quite a levee at the Colonial last Friday. Among the deaf who called were Messrs. Pach, Gunner, Abrams, Kohlman and Bacharach.

James F. O'Neil, of Troy, N. Y., was in the city last week, visiting relatives and friends. There was no change in him to be noted. He is an affable, goody-good fellow, and makes no noise.

Miss Mary Fowlis, of Columbus, O., is in New York for a stay of two months or more. If she secures employment, this city will be her permanent home. At present, she is visiting friends.

Mrs. Jackson (*nee* Emma Renode), of Attleboro, Mass., with her two children, is visiting in New York. She expects to stay some time, and later on will be joined by her husband.

An inclined elevator is being built at the corner of 59th Street and Third Avenue, to convey passengers to the Elevated Railroad. It is the first one in the city outside a building.

Messrs. Schnackenberg, Donnelly and Ecka, of Brooklyn, N. Y., were among the last Sunday crowd that saw Mrs. Bayne doing her continuous century ride at Valley Stream, L. I.

Matthew Schuttler, his wife and two cousins and a lady friend, were at Midland Beach on Saturday, July 21st. They had a good time swimming, and enjoyed the "crystal maze."

Arthur Bacharach is again in Gotham, and wears a coat of tan on his countenance, which tells of the good work "Old Sol" got in while he was at Asbury Park.

The number of silent pleasure seekers at Rockaway Beach on Sundays is on the increase. A dozen can be met with any pleasant Sunday.

Fred Stover is again in New York City. He is looking for a business opening, and incidentally speculating on a small scale in Wall Street.

Miss M. Jaycox was the guest of Miss Grace Okie, in Westbury, recently. The two went out on frequent pleasant drives.

The Misses Elsworth and Edward Elsworth have gone to Patchogue, L. I., for the remainder of the summer.

Clarence A. Boxley, of Troy, has been in New York for a few days. He went to Asbury Park for a week or two.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Eichelser went to Souest Point, on the 26th, and expect to remain for one month.

Quite a number from hereabouts will attend the Syracuse Convention on August 24th. It looks like twenty.

Piser & Russell, printers, have their regular force in spite of the general depression of business.

Miss Sadie Howard was among the merry throngs at Rockaway Beach Sunday before last.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Bothner are at Asbury Park, N. J., for a few weeks of recreation.

C L. Schindler has added an engraver to his force in his badge-making business.

Mr. Thomas W. Brown has just recovered from another attack of cholera morbus.

S. M. Brown is said to be somewhat indisposed, suffering from a chronic ailment.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Leary, of Tarrytown, were at Asbury Park for a week recently.

John McTiernan, formerly of Stamford, Conn., was in this city lately.

Hebert Gunner dotes on Asbury Park as a place for Sunday recreation.

Hiram Brown, of Providence, R. I., is in this city for the present.

Frank Ecka, of Brooklyn, is riding a new wheel—an Eldridge.

A. L. Pach "Sundayed" at Long Branch.

A RUSSIAN PRIZE.

The Academy of Sciences of Russia holds in trust a fund of 1,500,000 rubles which, with accumulation, is to be bestowed as a prize in 1925. It represents the principal and interest of 50,000 rubles left in 1833 by General Arakezeijew, who provided in his will that at the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century three-fourths of the sum should be given to the writer of the best history in Russian of the reign of Alexander I. The other fourth is to be spent in printing the work, in having it translated into French and German, and for a prize for the author of the second best work.

CHICAGO.

A Pleasant Birthday Party.

KILLED ON THE RAILROAD.

Struck by a Trolley--Other News Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Hasenstab propose to pitch tent at the Des Plaines camp meeting, seventeen miles from Chicago. They will remain ten days, and in the meanwhile it is expected that deaf-mutes will take advantage of the cheap excursion on the C. & N. W. to pay them a visit. The great attraction at the meeting is Rev. Thomas Harrison, the inspired boy preacher.

Miss Laura Andrews, daughter of Mrs. Andrews, was a visitor at the Methodist Church. With her was her cousin, Rev. Mr. Moon, a young divine of Iron River, Mich. Miss Andrews has secured a position as teacher in the Michigan School under Supt. Clarke and reports for duty in the fall. It will be remembered that her father met with a tragic death in Detroit a year ago.

Miss Lain, Indiana, '92, has secured a place as seamstress in South Chicago.

Mrs. Hoy was noticed as entertaining friends at the church last Sunday. She is a decided acquisition to Chicago Silent Society, although it is not positive that she will be here always.

He carried a fan in one hand and his coat hung on another as he headed for a train. He was warm and looked it. Presently he runs across "Lieb," who exclaims, Hello, old fellow; where bound?

"For Lake Wawasee in Indiana."

"Never heard of it, lets go elsewhere."

"No. It is the best place."

"Lots of bass, perch, pretty girls, etc."

So O. H. Regensburg went there to be the guest of N. F. Morrow, champion angler of Lake Wawasee, running to the time that Indians shouted their warwhoops on its banks.

Spalding's factory closes for two weeks, and Miss Changnon, and Guy Raser will take their vacations. The former works on boxing gloves of the special kind, and the latter on tennis rackets. At a stag party Guy demonstrated his gastronomical abilities in beating the other boys at pie-eating and winning a prize by it. A challenge to Liebenstein, the champion apple eater, is the next thing in order.

Mr. Rose, who left the State School in 1894, is doctor's assistant in the fashionable Hotel, yclept Hayes Hotel, in Woodlawn Park. He is a pleasant young man, and speaks quite well.

The Milwaukee writer with the Irish pen-name asks why I do not give the exact dates of the Illinois Gallaudet Union (not reunion) Madamoiselle Pat, if you will look over the JOURNAL of July 19th you will find the official announcement of the meeting by the President, F. R. Gray, which is down for August 30th to September 1st, simultaneously as that of the G. A. R. encampment, hence no need of my taking the bull by the horns. When the project was suggested at a business meeting of the Pas-a-Pas Club by Mr. O. H. Regensburg, note was made of it in my correspondence to the JOURNAL, and it may have been the first public mention made of it.

Coming events cast their shadows before. The G. A. R, eneampment is the main thing that will attract the veterans and strangers to the city. Of the latter it is estimated that it will run up to the million, judging from the number, viz., 800,000, at the Philadelphia encampment last year. Labor Day falls on the first Monday in September, so with the factories and workshops closed and the men parading the streets, strangers and veterans thrown in, where will you be that day? Then politics must have its share of attention and the political bosses are manoeuvering to have President McKinley, Governor Roosevelt, Bryan, etc., here. Of course it goes without saying that those who should fail to attend the Gallaudet Reunion will miss the enjoyment of a lifetime. Already a fund has been collected, a St. Paul, to entertain the visitors.

Washington Park is at its loveliest now. The grass is a deep green color, the roads always sprinkled, sometimes by Jupiter Pluvius but ordinarily by the common sprinkling wagons. The lake is always full of rowers, albeit a tragedy in which two girls and a young man were drowned. The refectory is well stocked with all the different kinds of icecream and drinks and cigars. Yonder is a crowd several thick surrounding an exciting game of baseball, while the tennis nets are all occupied and only the growing dusk puts an end to the bowling of the little white ball over and back again. Among the crowd were noticed some silent people enjoying themselves. They were Mr. and Mrs. Codman, Mr. and Mrs. Gooding, Mrs. Kingon, Miss Baumann, and Messrs. Regensburg and Frank.

Mrs. Gooding has "cultivated her voice" and married a hearing gentleman. Before her marriage she was Miss Spencer, of Wisconsin, with quite a reputation for proficiency in speech and lip-reading.

Miss Bessie Shurtleff, of 41st Street, was reported to have been thrown out of a carriage or at least she jumped out herself, and was bruised about the face and rudely shaken up.

Horace W. Buell, of the Iowa School, graduate last June, is workin a job printing office in order to make up for the inadequate printing facilities in the Iowa Institution. He seems to be a bright, promising youngster.

Another pupil from the same school is Walter W. Smith, who has a good job as baker. All of which goes to support the observation once made in my correspondence, that the pupils from the Iowa School living in Chicago are either printers or bakers. One works on pie, the other at pi.

Hold! Iowa does not have a monopoly of the baking business, for here is Harry Hartop, of Dr. Gordon's School, who kneads the dough for his living, or works on bread for his bread.

George Stevenson rides an up-to-date Rambler wheel, while his bicycle outfit is of the "Chas. Le Clercq" kind. He lives at 4647 Vineinnes Avenue and works in the Rathburn Lighter Co. Went to school at Jacksonville.

Comiskey's Chicagos have been winning right along till they stand first in the Association, with 49 games won and 32 lost. Milwaukee and Indianapolis come in next. Hoy evidently knows how to take care of himself, for the other players take turns at getting disabled. The Railway Day at the Base Ball Park will be remembered, when the railway men attending a convention, turned out with ear-splitting instruments of noise and discord, but it did not affect Hoy, as he caught four flies. The Buffalo pitcher must have been rattled, as ten runs were made off him against Buffalo's three.

The Chicago *Grocer* has come to stay and is a handsome pamphlet of fifty pages, printed partly by machine and by hand. Undoubtedly it caters to a large trade, but it is bristling with information not only for the grocer, but for the farmer, housekeeper and generally intelligent persons, on the crops, canned goods, and those things pertaining to the necessities and luxuries of life. For seven years W. B. Wayman has been a printer on this pamphlet, bespeaking steadiness. Mr. Wayman learned the printers' trade at the West Virginia School under Mr. Hays and came to Chicago, being attracted, like Fred Baars, by cheap rates to the World's Fair and the Fair itself. Not only has he been a "pillar" on the *Grocer's* printing staff, but he has been one of the pillars of the Pas-a-Pas Club. As Chairman of the entertainment Committee he has planned many social and literary events that have helped fill up space in the JOURNAL. W. B. W. is six-two in his stockings, and can lift pi that falls on the floor without having to get off his high stool, and takes three steps going to and from work on the third story.

IRWIN SANSOM.

A birthday party in honor of Mr. Emil Weller was given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Weller, 44th and Armitage Avenues, Tuesday evening, July 24th. Owing to the inclemency ot the weather there was not a large delegation of invited guests to celebrate his 25th birthday. Half-past seven o'clock witnessed an elegant supper prepared for the purpose, and the hungry guests looked at the tempting eatables and partook of everything. After supper was over everybody sat down in the parlor and conversed with each other socially. It was nearly 8.30 o'clock when Rev. Hasenstab called the "meeting to order." He was the toastmaster of the evening, selecting as his subject "Home." Five toasts were responded to in a graceful manner. "Home" was the first topic which Mrs. Hasenstab recited beautifully. Mrs. E. D. Hunter followed her, answering to the toast of "Trials of a Hostess." "Children" was responded to by Mr. Richard Long. "Husband," by Mr. Thomas Rogers; "Supporter of a Home" was recited by Mr. W. D. Edwards; "The Supper" was gracefully answered by Miss Forbes; "Reply to All Toasts," by the host, Mr. Weller. Rev. Mr. Hasenstab, by request of a a guest, told a good story. It was about a happy couple. The others followed his example, and in this way the evening was pleasantly spent until 10.30 o'clock, when all left for their homes, wishing the couple a happy life. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Hasenstab, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Edwards, Mrs. E. D. Hunter, Misses Estella Forbes and Dora Schmidt, and Messrs. Long Kohn.

The following is from the *Chicago American*, of July 27th:

"Thomas Larkin, fifteen years old, a deaf-mute, was instantly killed by the race track train on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road yesterday afternoon. The boy lived with his father at 186 West Fifteenth Street. His mother is dead. The body was taken to the morgue at 165 West Eighteenth Street. An inquest will be held this morning."

A cottage meeting led by Mr. Thomas Rogers was held at the residence of the Buchans, 7029 Union Avenue, last Thursday evening. It was the first meeting for years in Englewood. There was a large attendance, and "Light *vs* Darkness" was gracefully explained by Mr. Rogers.

Miss Estella Forbes is visiting her sister. She came from Omaha, Neb., last winter. Her mother came here recently and will go home soon. She will go home in the winter. She is an intelligent semi-mute, and claims Omaha as her place of schooling.

Miss Dora Schmidt, who can speak German well, is visiting the Wellers. She came from Sheboygan, Wis. She expects to go home in a short time.

Miss Eden is visiting her brother at Elgin, Ill.

The regular meeting of the Pas-a-Pas Club on Saturday, August 4th. Members, don't forget the date.

A lawn fete will be held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Buchan, 7029 Union Avenue.

Oscar Regensburg went to Milwaukee, on the Virginias, last Saturday night, and came back Sunday.

John Schorr, one of the oldest deaf-mute employes of the Pullman Car Works, who lives at Gano, came near losing his life last week. On his way to the works he spinned his wheel, and, being unable to hear the bell of the trolley gripman, was struck by the car and was badly hurt. He, however, went to work as if nothing happened. He says his wheel is for sale.

O. U. N.

DEAF BOY UNINTENTIONALLY SHOT.

HIS CONDITION STILL CRITICAL.

A special report forwarded to Superintendent of Police Quirk yesterday by Policeman Samuel Boyd, of the Thirtieth District, its truthfulness being certified by Lieutenant Enders, showed that the shooting of 14-year-old Edward Ormsby, at Somerset and Oxford Streets, the previous night, was purely accidental.

No time was lost in having the wounded boy, who is a deaf-mute, removed to the Episcopal Hospital. Up to a late hour last night, the boy's condition was too critical for any attempt to be made to extract the bullet.

Further particulars of the shooting obtained yesterday show that ten policemen, in civilian clothes, swooped down on a gang of toughs and habitual corner loungers in order to place them under arrest. For two of the number warrants had been sworn out by a civilian. This gang, according to the police, hang around the corners at American and Somerset Streets, and no girl or woman could pass without the most grossly insultiug remarks being hurled at her. Complaints have been made time and time again and the police, acting under instructions of Lieutenant Enders determined to put a stop to the nuisance.

Young Ormsby, who is not dumb but deaf, an affliction arising out of a sickness when he was four years old, was standing with John McKinley, of Somerset and Philip Streets, and John Tansley, also deaf, 16 years, of 2847 Lee Street, when the police came along. The gang of rowdies were on the other side of the street. McKinley went into his own stables and Tansley followed him. Ormsby not knowing what was wrong, ran in the same direction as the crowd. He had only gotten a short way when he was struck by the bullet.

Policeman Boyd said he fired to prevent the gang from escaping; that he did not fire at any one, and in fact did not know Ormsby. He explained that he fired toward the street, and the boy happened to come along at the time and was crossing the street when he was struck.

Lieutenant Enders said that he had detailed ten policemen to arrest and break up the gang of hoboes, many of whom did not live in the district. The injury to the boy, he said, is a regretable accident, as Boyd is a good officer, who has been on the force for six years and holds the highest record for carefulness and efficiency. Father Elcock and Father Whelan, of the Mount Airy Institute for Deaf and Dumb, speak of young Ormsby in the highest terms of praise. Ten people were arrested in the police raid and yesterday four of them were sent to prison for ten days each.—*Philadelphia Press, July 26.*

OHIO.

A Visit from the Dark Angel.

AFFECTING FUNERAL SERVICE.

Personal Mention.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

A most severe affliction befel Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Jones, Superintendent and Matron of the Home, at five o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, when the Angel of Death came and bore away their little child, Madeline Jewell. Truly, she was the life and joy of all connected with the Home, giving sunshine to the old people by her childish prattling and cute little actions. It is hard to understand why such a bright little flower should be plucked at a time when its life was the sweetest. Two weeks ago, when bidding the little one good-bye, we little dreamed we should next look upon it in the embrace of death. No one here was even aware that the child was sick, and the news of its death was a surprise and shock to all. It began ailing Saturday, and Wednesday morning, there were symptoms of improvement, but as the day advanced these gave way and death came as stated above; the cause being congestion of the lungs. Her age was one year, four months, and two weeks. The funeral service, were held Thursday afternoon, Rev. Berchley conducting them. They were largely attend by the people of the town and surrounding country, Miss May Greener doing the interpretting for the deaf present.

The minister's selection from the Scriptures were most appropriate for the grief-stricken parents. A quartet sang most beautifully "A sleep in Jesus," and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

The child, beautiful in life with its flaxen curls, was even more so as it lay asleep in the little pearly white casket surrounded with floral offerings. Interment was in the Central College Cemetery.

Those from the institution to attend the funeral, were Superintendent Jones, Principal Patterson, Mr. Steward, Miss Deborah Evans, Miss Greener, and the writer. Owing to the short notice, but few from here could make arrangements to go up. In the death of their first and only child, Mr. and Mrs. Jones have suffered a severe loss, and we are sure the sincere sympathy of their many friends will go out to them in this sad ordeal.

Mr Collins S. Sawhill writes us that he expects work to be good for another year in the Carnegie Steel Company's Works. He has to put in twelve hours a day owing to the rush of orders.

Mr. and Mrs. Sawhill expect to be in Cleveland for a few days the first part of August, to attend the Ruple family reunion.

Mrs. Joseph Leib left Wednesday for Kenton, to visit her parents. She will be absent about ten days. The Hayden Mill, in which Mr. Leib works, is still closed and it is not known when it will resume operations. For this reason Mr. McGinness has not returned from Cleveland. His father is quite sick, we are informed.

Mr. Thomas Goldsmith, and Miss Annie Littell were among the excursionists to Toledo last Sunday. While there they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Greene. Mr Greene has but recently returned from a trip to Kansas, Missouri and Arkansas.

Miss Emma Bard has resumed her place in the bindery, after several days, respite spent with Mr. and Mrs. S. Kingry, near Grove City.

Miss L. Doane was in the city for a day this week, on her way to Chicago, to resume school work. It is done free gratis to those of deaf children whose parents are unable to pay the tuition.

The latest from Messrs. McGregor and Zorn put them at St. Clair Flats. The trip up to Mackinac has been abandoned.

Miss Lois Atwood returned this week from a trip to Detroit. She brought back with her a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Preston Perry for a visit here.

Miss Mary Laud, of the Class of '00, not finding the work she secured here after graduating congenial, has gone to Detroit, her former home, we believe.

The electrician of the Institution has a force of hands at work in the old building arranging wires and putting up apparatus for electric lighting. Excavation for the foundation of a new engine in the engine house was being made this week.

Plastering is being done to the unfinished rooms on the third floor of the new school building. The High Classes will be moved up in the fall, also the Art Class.

July 28, '00. A. B. G.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St.

The Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

This Home was established by "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," in 1886, on a farm of 156 acres by the Hudson River, six miles below Poughkeepsie. It has been a comfort already to upwards of forty afflicted people. Friends have rallied around this Home so that it is entirely free from debt. It is intended to receive inmates eventually from the whole State of New York. People of this class have all been educated, but have broken down in the battle of life. Several of the inmates are deaf and dumb and blind.

On Sunday night, Feb. 18th, the main building and the wing recently added for the men, were destroyed by a sudden and dreadful fire. The inmates—fourteen women and eleven men—were bravely rescued, and are now comfortable in temporary quarters in Poughkeepsie.

In addition to the insurance, it will take $20, 000 to give our silent friends another Christian Refuge. They lost all their personal effects in the raging flames. We would make them glad again as far as possible. The Trustees of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes appeal for funds to build a new and better Home.

Donations may be sent to:—

The Rt. Rev. H. C. Potter, D.D., Bishop of New York, President ex-officio, 29 Lafayette Place.
Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Second Vice-President, Station M.
Mr. A. L. Willis, Secretary, 8 Hampden St., Fordham Heights.
Mr. Walter S. Kemeys, Treasurer, 7 East 62d Street.
Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., General Manager, 112 West 78th St.
Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D., Assistant General Manager, 587 West 145th St.
Mrs. C. M. Nelson, President of the Board of Lady Managers, 33 Cannon St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Rev. Prescott Evarts, Wappingers Falls, N. Y.
Hon. John L. Platt, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
George Wood, Esq., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Hon. John A. Nichols, 437 Clinton Ave. Brooklyn N. Y.
Mr. E. H. Currier, Station M. New York City.
Mr. E. B. Nelson, Rome, N. Y.
Mr. Z. F. Westervelt. Rochester, N. Y.
Mr. E. C. Rider, Malone, N. Y.
Rev. C. O. Dantzer, 11 Mason, St. Rochester, N. Y.
Rev. H. Van Allen, Bath-on-the Hudson, N. Y

Theo. I. Lounsbury

Book Job and Commercial Printer

Convention Proceedings
Institution Reports
Institution Stationery
Society and Church Work

208 East 59th St.,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

ALPHABET CARDS.

50 Cards, with name,	.35
100 " " "	.50
250 " " "	1.00
50 Cards, without name	.25
100 " " "	.40
200 " " "	.75

EXTRA FINE VISITING CARDS.

50 Cards (no alphabets).	.40
100 " "	.60

Cash in advance. Stamps accepted. Stamps must be sent for reply to inquiries, or for sample.

Groups

OR SINGLE PICTURES

with scenery, or house as background, a specialty.

For particulars, write or call on JOHN L. CONNERTON,
River, cor. Hoosick Street,
TROY, N. Y.

DEAF AGENTS EARN "GOOD MONEY"

Selling the handsome illustrated 32-page booklet, "The Lord's Prayer in the Sign Language." They sell at 15 cents each, and interest *hearing* or *deaf* people old or young. Our agents say "they sell like hot cakes." Write for free circular with terms to agents and testimonials. The booklet mailed postpaid to any address for 15 cents.

AGENTS WANTED. Conn. Magazine Co., Hartford, Conn.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, **New York**
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING

FESTIVAL AND GAMES

under the auspices of the

GUILD OF SILENT WORKERS

AT

Fort Wendel Park

194th Street and Amsterdam Ave.

In aid of the Building Fund of the GALLAUDET HOME

For Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes

Saturday, August 4th,

(Doors open at 2.30)

TICKETS, - 25c.

HANDSOME PRIZES will be given in Shooting and Bowling Contests.

Amsterdam Avenue trolley cars on Third Avenue, and from 125th Street, run directly to the park.

COMMITTEE:
W. S. Abrams, *Chairman.*
W. G. Jones, I. N. Soper,

PACH BROS.

Art Photographers,

935 B'way, N. Y.

ST. PAUL CONVENTION.

No Delegate or visitor to the Convention should be without one of PACH'S!

Souvenir Convention Photographs

If you order now and send cash with order, you can get a beautiful Silver Panel (heavy bevelled mount), with the title printed thereon, regularly sold for $1.50,

For Only One Dollar Each.

The same style in Carbon Finish **$1.50 each.** We do not recommend anything in cheaper finish.

Four Convention Souvenir Groups.

1. At Minnehaha Falls (Minneapolis). Delegates group on on the steps. Though this group was taken in the rain at dark, it is nevertheless very good.
2. On the steamer "Tonka" on Lake Minnetonka. This picture makes the handsomest Souvenir of all.
3. In the Park at the Picnic; this is also a beautiful photograph and contains more faces than any except Capitol group.
4. On the steps at the west entrance to the State Capitol, St. Paul. This group contains all the delegates and every one should have a copy of it.

Copies of these will be shown in St. Paul by Mr. Spear, in Chicago by Mr. Wayman, in St. Louis by Mr. Schaub.

Were you at Buffalo?

Then send for the photographs of

1. The Convention in Buffalo.
2. The Trolley party at Queenston, Canada.

Single, $1.25—the two to one address for $2.00

The
Deaf-Mutes' Union League
will celebrate their
15th Anniversary
with a
BALL
at the
"Tuxedo Hall"
59th Street and Madison Ave.
Saturday, Jan. 5, 1901

$1.00 Each,
Including Supper and Wardrobe Check

NOTICE.

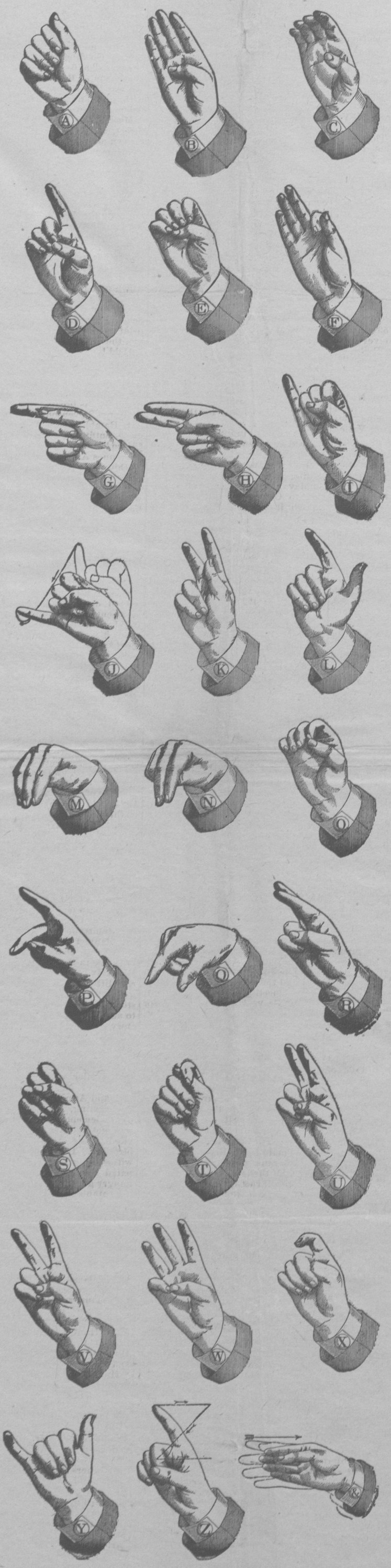
Read in the September issue our large programme.

WANTED.

A MIDDLE-AGED woman for general housework. Good home. Address: "Housework, Care of DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

WANTED—Honest man or woman to travel for large house; salary $65 monthly and expenses, with increase; position permanent; inclose self-addressed stamped envelope, MANAGER, 330 Caxton bldg., Chicago.

American Manual Alphabet.



THE EMPIRE STATE ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The 21st Convention of the Association

will meet in

Freeman's Hall,
(East Jefferson Street),
Syracuse, N. Y.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1900

BUSINESS PROGRAMME.

Assembly at 10 A.M.

1. Prayer.
2. President's Address.
3. Reports of Officers.
4. Reports of Standing Committees.
5. Appointment of Committees.
6. New Business.
7. Recess.

Assembly at 2 P.M.

1. Prayer.
2. Reading of Papers.
3. Discussion.
4. Report of Committee on Resolutions.
5. Report of Committee on Nominations and Election.
6. Unfinished Business.

Saturday, the 25th, the members will be at liberty to attend the Picnic of the Central New York Deaf, to Onondaga Lake.

The Headquarters of the Association will be held at the Vanderbilt House, where members can obtain accommodation at $2.50 per day.

Further arrangements will be announced as they are completed.

THOMAS FRANCIS FOX, *President.*
ALEX. L. PACH, *Secretary.*

ANNUAL Picnic, Summer-Night Festival and Games

OF THE

Deaf-Mute Athletic Club,

TO BE HELD AT

GRAND STREET PARK, Grand Street, Maspeth, **L. I.**

Only three miles from the ferry,

Saturday, Afternoon and Evening, **August 25, 1900**

Open at 2 P.M. Games at 3 P.M. sharp.

FINEST TRACK IN GREATER NEW YORK, FINE DRESSING ROOM.

ATHLETIC EVENTS.

100-yds dash, handicap, 3 yds limit, open.
Putting the 12 lb. shot, open.
880-yds dash, handicap, 25 yds limit, open.
Running Broad Jump, open.
220-yds dash, open and close.
One mile bicycle race, open.
100-yds dash, (final) championship.
100-yds dash, for fat men, weight over 190 lbs. Valuable prize to the winner, open.
5-mile bicycle race (pursuit), open.
Relay race. Open to any Deaf-Mute Club.
10-mile bicycle race, gold medal and championship title to the winner.

Gold medals will be given for three events, silver medals for three events. Entrance fee, 50 cents each, or three entries, $1.00. Entries close August 18th, with Herman F. Beck, 212 State Street, Brooklyn. Athletic games sanctioned by A. A. U.

TICKETS, - - - 25c. EACH.

HOW TO REACH THE PARK.

From New York: Take the Bridge train and change to Union "L" Myrtle Avenue Division to Ridgewood, and get transfer at the entrance of the Street below, and then take Flushing & Newton trolley car, or North Beach car, about fifteen minutes to the Park. All for a single fare. Do not take any other car that runs direct to East New York, or Coney Island, but take Ridgewood car *only*.

Or take Flushing & Newton and Flushing Extension cars from Park Row to the Park.

From 23d Street Ferry and Broadway, take Elevated train, and change to Myrtle Avenue "L" at Myrtle Avenue and Broadway and Ridgewood and get a transfer to the Flushing & Newton Avenues trolley cars.

Or take Grand Street car to the Park. From Grand and Roosevelt Streets Ferry to Broadway, take Grand Street or Oyster Bay car to the Park. Make your destination known to the conductor.

From 34th Street Ferry New York, take Steinway car to the Park.

All North Beach cars from Brooklyn pass the Park.

Committee of Arrangements:

HERMAN F. BECK, Chairman,
ROBERT H. McVEA, EUGENE V. MOESLEIN,
JAMES AVENS, WILLIAM H. KONKEL.

N. B.—A silver cup will be given to the team scoring highest points. Will be on exhibition at the picnic gounds of the New York Silent Workers, on August 4th, and in the Club rooms, every first and third Saturdays of each month, beginning August 1st. Visitors are invited to see it. Prizes for ladies and children too.